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Germania.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.

BY G. C. SWAYNE.

On her Rhine-rock stands Germania, stands on guard with ardent glance.
In her right the pointed broadsword, frowning back the threats of France;
On her shield the coal-black eagle, double-headed, lies displayed.
Locks and vesture boldly floating, stands the mythologic maid.
Blame we not the patriot-painter, if a dream his fancy caught,
If the high hope of his bosom was the mother of his thought.
Blame we not the patriot-sculptor, if beneath his plastic might
Soon Arminius mounts colossal on the Teutoburger height—
Stout Arminius, Northern Ares, who the Roman Mars withstood,
Sweeping clear of Cæsar's legions all the dusk Hercynian wood.
Painted thus the mail-clad virgin peace and glory doth forecast,
While that helmet 'mid the lightnings telleth of a glorious past.
Other were the tale, Arminius, could Thorvaldsen's spirit bright
Spring to life, or Danish limner paint thee to the life aright;
Thou wouldst lie a helpless giant, tangled in a maze of chains,
Pestered by a host of pigmies, bleeding from a hundred veins;
E'en as over prostrate Ares, in the old Homeric lay,
Otus stood with Ephialtes, shutting out Olympian day,
Overhead two monstrous warders brooding make thy sleep afraid,
Curling up the heart within thee with a dank, ill-favor'd shade,
Sworn alike to guard thy durance, sworn to thy eternal woe,
Though in hate to thee as brothers, each the other's bitter foe;
Never stir the arm, Arminius, never raise upon the knee,
Hapsburg leagued with Hohenzollern still forbids thee to be free.
Thou art great in soul, Germania, boundless is thy wealth of thought—
Great in Art, and great in Science—wonders hath thy spirit wrought,
Since the Friar found the powder that the towers in ruin hurl'd,
Since the printing-engine's father made the lover of the world.
Schiller taught how Tell and Orange broke an alien despot's rod;
Goethe sang and walked in beauty, noble as a Phidian god;
Music thundered with Beethoven, laugh'd and languish'd with Mozart.
Till Italia owned thee sister—helress of her realm of Art.
Then, the subtle Greek surpassing, Hegel, sage of wintry skies,
Stripped the fateful tree of knowledge of the fruit that never dies.
Gazing into Truth's bright essence till his mortal eyes grew blind,
Melting Time and Space and Being in the crucible of Mind;
Him hath Nature's patient searcher in the race of Fame outdone,
Reading off in flames prismatic half the secrets of the sun.
Freedom hath a life, Germania, higher than the life of Mind—
Freedom changes men to brothers, gives them eyes to see their kind;
Freedom thou wouldst have—a glimmer, just to light thy lamp at home,
Not a sun to glid with glory distant Poland, Venice, Rome;
So in life-long trance thou liest, daring naught, yet knowing all,
Laughing-stock of all the tyrants, Europe's longest-suffering thrall;
Still on broken reeds relying, trusting in a Hapsburg's word,
Halling as the glaive of Justice Hohenzollern's felon sword;
Never, never thorns of Hapsburg grapes of Faith and Freedom bore,
Figs from Hohenzollern's thistles thou shalt gather nevermore.

Beethoven's Letters.

(From *The Nation*).

To his interesting collection of the letters of Mozart, Dr. Nohl has now added another of the letters of Beethoven, by no means, however, so interesting; for they not only add very little to what we know of Beethoven from the life of him by Schindler, but are in themselves for the most part merely tedious details of business or pitiable exhibitions of temper. And for one so much given to writing as Beethoven was, it is rather surprising indeed that letters of a more attractive sort have not been found, especially as Dr. Nohl conjectures that twice as many as he has been able, after infinite labor, to present in this collection, may exist scattered over Europe. Yet, meagre as the work is, it will not fail to find many readers; for it introduces us once more to the presence of the great master, whose personality it is so necessary to comprehend in all its originality in order fully to understand his works.

Of Beethoven, the man, therefore, we propose now to say a word as explanatory of his letters, as, indeed, the best criticism upon them; for, unlike the letters of Mozart, or the still more charming letters of Mendelssohn, they do not in themselves present his whole character. The strange, weird outlines they suggest must be filled up from other sources.

Born in Bonn, in 1771, the life of Beethoven was contemporaneous with that great intellectual development in Germany, which has made it such a power in the present century. While Herder and Lessing and Goethe breathed a new spirit into criticism and philosophy, Gluck and Bach and Mozart and Handel led the way to that eminence in music which Germany has ever since maintained; and Beethoven carried on the work they began. Like a being who has descended from an ideal world to redeem this, he was in perpetual struggle with the past; and his early days in Bonn, before he had attained a full consciousness of his task in life, were his only happy ones. They were to him, as has been well said, what the sweetly fanciful *largo* of his second symphony has been to the world, an undisturbed because unconscious happiness. His father and grandfather were musicians before him, and he showed early great musical genius. At the age of fifteen he was made organist of the court chapel at Bonn, and at the age of twenty-two went to Vienna to study under Haydn. Mozart had died a year before, and it was only once, on a flying tour to Vienna in the winter of 1786-7, that Beethoven met him; and how Mozart recognized his genius is illustrated by a curious anecdote. Beethoven had acquired much reputation for his improvisations upon the piano, an exercise in the genuineness of which Mozart had no real belief, fancying that the pieces to be played were secretly agreed upon beforehand. He resolved, therefore, to test Beethoven, and gave him as a subject a chromatic fugue, the motive of which contained the opposite subject of a double fugue. Beethoven instantly detected the deception, and, reversing the motive, improvised a regular double fugue, and the lively Mozart slipped away into an adjoining room to say to those he found there that here was a youth the world would hear of.

The placid mind of Haydn, however, could less understand the soaring genius of Beethoven, and they soon separated. The immediate cause of the rupture, indeed, is said to have been the fact, which Beethoven one day accidentally discovered, that Haydn neglected to correct his errors. That was, in Beethoven's eyes, a *crimen læsæ artis*, and he broke from him at once; and when, notwithstanding, it was suggested to him after-

wards, at Haydn's instance, that in the compositions which he was publishing he should call himself Haydn's pupil, his proud, curt reply was that he had indeed taken lessons of Haydn, but had learned nothing from him. And that answer is the key to the history of his subsequent career, with its ceaseless effort to ascend up out of the present and out of the past to dwell in newer regions and among sublimer thoughts.

Shortly afterwards, the Prince Lichnowski took him into his palace, and the princess watched over him with the care of a mother; his whims, and they were many, were consulted; he enjoyed the best society, and he had fully, as yet, his sense of hearing. There was nothing to disturb his repose, as it finds expression in his first and second symphonies, in his first quartets, in the septet and first twelve piano sonatas. But beneath this apparent calm there was a turbulent, restless spirit at work in him, which drove him presently out into the dreary world to battle with its routine and to vivify it anew. Kind as his patrons had been, he felt it better to hunger and be misunderstood than not to be himself, supreme in his own sphere. And he gained what he sought, but he gained it with that strain of discord in his finer nature, which is to the soul of the artist what the shadow of a cloud is to a landscape. The desire not to improve, but to recreate the world, to make it different from what it was in kind as well in degree, was the error which ruined his earthly peace, for he persisted in judging all relations of life by the unattainable ideals which drew him on in music. Yet it was out of this opposition to the reality, out of this dualism of his life, which was to him a sorrow and bitterness known to but few beside him, that there came, after long struggle, the final victory of his later creations.

It is not, however, to his compositions that we wish now to advert, but to that moral superiority which, in spite of his infirmities of temper and his eccentric habits, marks the career of Beethoven from the first day we have any knowledge of him to the last. For to appreciate these letters, sterile as most of them are, one must understand the real elevation and the unquestioned purity of Beethoven's life. In the midst of a corrupt city and a still more corrupt court, in an age of license, exposed to all sorts of seductions which beset genius of an order like his, he preserved ever a lofty virtue and a hatred of whatever was impure or even equivocal. Thrown, as he was, into every-day contact with the proudest and richest nobility in Europe, rank and wealth remained to him ever matters of absolute indifference, mere accidents of this temporal material life. Hence, in his political sentiments he was practically a republican. A devout reader of Plato, he longed to see all institutions modelled upon the plan prescribed in the "Republic." "Plato's Republic," says Schindler, "was transfused into his flesh and blood." It was his firm belief that it was Napoleon's real intention to republicanize France upon similar principles; and it was not till the news came that Napoleon had caused himself to be proclaimed Emperor of the French that he was undeceived; when, tearing off the title-page of his "Sinfonia Eroica," containing the dedication of that work to Napoleon, which he was just on the point of despatching to Paris, he flung it upon the floor with a torrent of execrations. The tragic end of the great conqueror, however, is said to have reconciled Beethoven to him, for, as he remarked, he had predicted it himself in the "Dead March" of this symphony.

At Toplitz, in 1812, he was walking one day with Goethe, when they saw at a distance the whole Imperial family. With his usual stately

deference, Goethe stepped aside and stood with his hat off, bending low, until they had passed him. Beethoven, on the contrary, pressed his hat yet more firmly on his head, and walked, with folded arms, through the thickest of the throng. Princes and pages made a path for him, the Archduke Rudolph took off his hat, and the Empress bowed. There may be a difference of opinion on the question of manners, but there can be none as to the honesty of Beethoven's convictions. It was Goethe's remembrance, it may be, of this uncourtly freedom that led him to take no notice of Beethoven's letter, eleven years afterwards, soliciting a favor which he could easily have granted to the poor composer wasting away under the burden of his task. To be sure, as Mr. Lewes says, there is no evidence that Goethe received the letter, but also none that he did not receive it, and posterity will no doubt dwell a good deal on the latter fact.

But the worst trials of Beethoven's life, it must be confessed, were chiefly of his own creation. His "evil principle" was in the shape of his two brothers; one of them an apothecary, who would send his card to him on a New Year's Day inscribed "Johann van Beethoven, Landowner" (*Gutsbezitzer*), and Beethoven would return it inscribed "Ludwig van Beethoven, Brainowner" (*Hirnbesitzer*),—a harmless pleasantry, certainly, but it indicates the bearing of the apothecary, bursting with pride at his success, when we remember that he refused to his face the slightest aid to the brother who had helped him to it, while he plundered him behind his back. The other was a banking officer, whose chief injury to Beethoven was in dying and leaving a son for him to take charge of. The mother was an immoral woman, and Beethoven was forthwith plunged into law-suits, while the youth plunged as soon as he could into dissipation. An incident in one of the law-suits affords a singular instance—alas, how bitter to Beethoven!—of what one may call his splendid simplicity. It was intimated to the court that the word *van*, being of Dutch origin, and not ennobling a family in Holland, could not ennoble one in Germany, and Beethoven was accordingly asked to produce proofs of his nobility. "My nobility," he exclaimed, "is here and here," and he pointed to his head and put his hand on his heart. But that sort of nobility it was impossible for the court to understand, and they ordered his case to be transferred to the court for commoners, where he lost it, though he gained it in the end.

Helpless and awkward in every movement, spilling inkstands over his piano, breaking furniture when it came in his way; so tempestuous in his anger that if a waiter brought him the wrong dish of meat he would throw it, gray and all, in his face, or if his cook gave him musty eggs for his soup would spatter her with them from head to foot, dashing the water over himself in his rooms in such floods that scarcely any one would have him for a lodger; sending a lady who had asked for a lock of his hair a tuft of goat's hair, and then apologizing when she discovered the deception, and never afterward speaking to the person who had suggested it to him; suddenly quitting a summer retreat, where he was supremely happy, because his host persisted in making him profound bows whenever he met him in his walks; constantly changing his abode from the north side of the city in May to the south side in August, and often having three lodgings at a time; this small, thin man, with his great head covered with bushy grey hair, and little brown eyes flashing bright, or fixed and motionless, as his thought possessed him, with long furrows in his chin, laughing like an ape in the midst of the wildest disorder, books and music and half-eaten luncheons and half-emptied bottles, sketches for quartets and Stracchino cheese all mixed up together, deaf, and cheated and slandered—this great man, who they said never loved, though he never lived an hour without loving; who they said was parsimonious, though if he saved any money at all, it was for a dissolute nephew who would have left him to die alone,—this abused Beethoven, who looked upon Handel as the greatest composer that ever lived, who silenced bores with a sarcasm and forgot his pupils for weeks

together, and in his philosophical discussions would never permit the mention of thorough-bass or religion, which he declared were exhausted subjects—this man, so full of contradictions and absurdities and genius, was one of the kindest and purest of human beings. He who can comprehend his noble heart will not fail, as Schindler well says, to rank the man as high as the artist.

Of the divinity of his art no man ever had a purer conception. "Music is like wine," he says, "inflaming men's minds to new achievements, and I am the Bacchus who serves it out to them, and when they grow sober they shall find themselves possessed forever of a spiritual draught." Solitary and poor, with so many infirmities that he was often tempted to curse his existence and to learn resignation from Plutarch, it was virtue alone, with its inspiring ideal, which upheld him in his misery and kept him from suicide. Shut out in great part from the world, tortured by suspicions, betrayed by those he loved, restless, anxious, wasted in body and mind, communion with God was his solace and his great strength. "I must live alone," he says: "yet I know that God is nearer to me than to my brothers in the art. I hold converse with him and fear not, for I have always known and understood him." Music, like her sister arts, was to him based upon morality, which was the fountain-head of all genuine inspiration. "Speak of me to Goethe," he says, "and tell him to hear my symphonies, and he will agree with me that music alone ushers man into the portals of an intellectual world ready to encompass him, but which he may never encompass." Goethe was spoken to, but Goethe understood not.

Sorrow illumined by the reconciling light from above, the martyrdom of earth glorified—that was Beethoven, says one of his critics. And the sorrow of earth, how it followed him to the end! In the summer of 1826, his nephew, driven desperate by his bad courses, attempted suicide, a crime which the law of Austria ascribes to a defect in religious education. The case was investigated, and the unfortunate youth committed to the charge of his uncle, with the injunction to leave Vienna in twenty-four hours. Returning home in the autumn, Beethoven caught cold, and his last sickness came upon him. He kept his bed, and his nephew went off to the billiard rooms, and told the marker at one of them to send a physician to his uncle; but the marker was himself taken sick before he could do so, and, being carried to the hospital, remembered his commission, and the attending surgeon set off instantly to visit Beethoven. But it was too late; several days had elapsed, and the hand of death was heavy upon him. Yet his eccentricity never left him. When the landlady brought him an almanac to prove that the week was up and his rent was due, he sang the interrogatory motive of the quartet in F, op. 135, "Must it be?" and the woman, entering into his humor, stamped with her foot and said, "It must be!" and these words now stand in the super-scription of the work.

The last thing he did was to make his nephew, who had so infamously abandoned him, his sole heir, and then musing said: "Do you hear the bell? The scene is shifting;" and it shifted indeed, for the next act opened in another world, whence we still seem to hear the echo of his words: "For my works I fear not. No evil can befall them. Whosoever shall understand them shall be freed from the misery that burdens mankind."

Mozart's "Seraglio" at Her Majesty's Theatre, London.

The second performance of *Il Seraglio* was thoroughly enjoyed by such an audience of genuine amateurs as seldom fails to be attracted by an opera of Mozart's. Stingy and mean as was the Emperor Joseph II., the art of music is considerably in his debt. He at any rate provoked the man of genius to show what much better things could be done than by those who stood higher in Court favor, and were honored and recompensed, while he, a victim of cabal and intrigue, on account of his known and dreaded superiority, was left neglected in the shade. To Joseph II. we owe the German *Entführung aus dem*

Serail (*Il Seraglio*), and, still more directly, the Italian *Figaro*; and these facts would atone for a multitude of sins. After the death of Gluck, and when *Don Giovanni* had been produced (not in Vienna but in Prague), the Emperor, at length, fully understanding the worth of the musician of whose services he might at the outset have exclusively disposed, appointed Mozart his chief "*Kammermusikus*," at the splendid annual salary of 800 florins (!); but it was too late. The opera of *Cosi fan Tutte* was ordered, composed without delay, and produced in January, 1790. Joseph II., however, did not live to hear it; nor at his death had any provision been made for the newest and most illustrious of his civil servants—who, by the way, did not survive his Imperial master a couple of years.

The book of *Il Seraglio*, which was concocted out of a German *Lustspiel*, or comedy (with music) by one Bretzner, has been terribly abused, much more so than we think it deserves. Mozart found it good enough, and was even delighted with it. It afforded him that for which he always bargained—variety of character in the *dramatis personæ*. Indeed, it is doubtful whether he had not as large a hand in preparing the "*scenario*" as his associate, the Court-poet, Stephanie himself. And, after all, where is the harm of it? A young Spanish lady on her way to Sicily, to be married, is taken by a corsair, sold to a Pasha, and carried with her maid and the servant of her future spouse (her escort) to the harem. The Pasha falls in love with his captive, and would make her queen of his household, wooing her with amiable gallantry in spite of her declaration that she is devoted to another. Meanwhile the lover has found out where his Dulcinea is imprisoned, and contriving to obtain an interview with his own servant, who enjoys the Pasha's favor, they plan together the means of escape, with the lady and her companion, to a vessel lying off the coast to receive them. Their plot, however, is frustrated by a suspicious old steward, who, enamored of the maid, is treated by her with contempt. The Pasha, informed of what has been going on, and at first exasperated, threatens the lovers with the torture, but ultimately relenting, grants them their liberty, to the mortification of his steward, who would have had master and man put to death, and detained lady and maid in the seraglio. *Voilà tout*. Here, at best, are the materials for a farce; but Mozart saw further, and infused such life into his music that every one of the six personages becomes a marked individuality. It is not, in fact, the piece that has prevented *Il Seraglio* from being heard as often and in as many places as other operas, too numerous to mention, and which can in no way be compared with it. The real cause lies elsewhere. When Mozart composed his opera there were certain singers in the theatre with voices of unexceptional capability.

There were a soprano, a tenor, and a bass able to execute almost anything that could be written, and to display whose talents in a prominent manner was absolutely imperative. Hence the two arias written for Constanze ("Ach ich liebe" and "Märtern aller Arten") with which only such modern sopranos as Mile. Titiens can grapple; hence, the (to nine singers out of ten) almost impracticable airs for Osmin ("Solche hergelaufne Laffen" and "O! wie will ich triumphieren"), written both inconveniently high and inconveniently low; and hence the airs for Belmont, which lie for the most part too high for ordinary tenor voices. Nor is the music of Blonde by any means unexceptionally accommodating—witness her first air, ("Durch Zärtlichkeit und Schmeicheln"), written in A, in one passage going up as high as E, a note higher than either of the airs of Constanze, but which Mile. Sinico transposes to G. This transposition, indeed, as well as that of the first air, sung by Mile. Titiens, is in the present time not merely allowable, but advisable. And if Herr Rokitsky transposes his air, so familiar in our concert-rooms as "Questi avventurieri infami," from F to E, it is by no means to show off to greater advantage the depth and quality of his bass tones, but because in many places the passages are written so high that it is questionable whether he could master them with half the same ease in the original key. Pedrillo has none of these difficulties to encounter; but on the other hand the music assigned to him is of material consequence; and if Signor Stagno would take the quaint romance in the last scene ("In un castello d'Aragona") with the *pizzicato* accompaniment, just half as quickly as he takes it now, he would produce twice the effect. Herr Rokitsky, on the fig tree (Act I), exposes himself to criticism in another way. The melody with which, heedless of the anxious importunities of Belmont, Osmin solaces his labor ("Qui trovo una bella amante")—as, quaint as the romance of Pedrillo, and in character something like our old English "Jolly Miller"—is marked "*tempo giusto*" in the score, which nowhere gives authority for those pseudo-sentimental

slackenings of the time indulged in, to the detriment of the music by this clever gentleman, whose *Osmín*, as a whole, both in a musical and dramatic sense, is extremely spirited and good.

But criticism apart—and there is but little to criticize in the performance of *Il Seraglio* at Her Majesty's Theatre—the opera is played with hearty good will by all engaged in it. *Mlle. Titien* sings the heroic and the impassioned music of *Constanze* so nobly, *Mlle. Sinico* the tender and the lively music of *Blonde* so uniformly well; *Herr Rokitsky* gives the music of *Osmín*, which has more of the *vis comica* than that of any other character drawn by Mozart (Papageno excepted), with such vigor and fluency; *Dr. Gunz* throws so much warmth into the music of the amorous and perpetually sighing Belmont—love-music such as only Mozart has written; *Signor Stagno* is so generally (if not invariably) correct in the music of *Pedrillo*; the little that *Selim*, the by no means ill-natured Pasha, has to sing is so well sung by *Signor Foli*; all act together with such unmistakable unanimity; the concerted pieces are so satisfactory; the choruses of the Janissaries are delivered with such appropriate animation; and the orchestra, from the characteristically colored overture to the end, performs its task with such efficiency, that we forgive the zealous conductor, *Signor Arditi*, for almost every curtailment he has made, saving alone the thirty-seven bars he has omitted from the last *finale*. This omission frustrates the design of the composer, who expressly intended the enchanting melody with which the *finale* opens to be uttered successively by Belmont, Constanze, *Pedrillo*, and Blonde, each time answered by the refrain (for the five principal characters) which so exquisitely rounds it off. We have little doubt that *Il Seraglio* will remain a stock piece in the repertory, and that between this and next season Mr. Telbin will have enriched it with one or two of those Oriental *tableaux* he so well knows how to paint. It is honorable to Mr. Mapleson to have revived such a work; and the more pains he bestows on giving it every chance of being appreciated, the more it will redound to his credit.—*Musical World* July 14.

MOZART'S LETTERS TO HIS FATHER, DESCRIBING HIS "SERAGLIO."

Vienna, Sept. 26, 1781.

The opera began with my monologue, so I asked *Herr Stephanie* to write an arietta for it, and then, after *Osmín's* little song, when the two talk together, to substitute a duet. We intend the part of *Osmín* for *Herr Fischer*, who certainly has a grand bass voice, (although the Archbishop once assured me that he sang too low for a bass, and I in return promised that he should sing higher next time,) so we must take advantage of this, especially as he has the whole public in his favor here. In the original libretto *Osmín* has only one song, and nothing else to sing except in the *terzetto* and *finale*; so now he has an aria in the first act, and also one in the second. I have already indicated to *Stephanie* the words that I require for that air, the chief part of the music being finished before *Stephanie* heard a word on the subject. There is only a beginning and an end, which must have a good effect, and *Osmín's* rage is made comical by the accompaniment of the Turkish music. In working out the aria, I have given full scope to *Fischer's* fine deep tones to vibrate. The "D'rüm beim Barte des Propheten" is indeed in the same time, but with quick notes, and as his wrath gradually increases, (when the aria appears to be at an end,) the *allegro assai* follows in quite another measure and key, which must insure the best effect; for as a man in such a violent fit of passion transgresses all the bounds of order and propriety, and forgets himself in his fury, the same must be the case with the music too. But as the passions, whether violent or not, must never be expressed so as to become revolting, and the music even in the most appalling situations never offend the ear, but continue to please and be melodious, I did not go from F, in which the air is written, into a remote key, but into an analogous one, not however into its nearest relative D minor, but into the more remote A minor. Do you know how I have expressed Belmont's aria in A major, "O wie ängstlich, o wie feurig," and the "throbbing heart"?—by octaves on the violins.* This is the favorite aria of all those who have heard it, and mine also, and written expressly to suit Adamberger's voice. You hear the trembling, throbbing, swelling breast expressed by a crescendo; while the whispers and sighs are rendered by the first violins with *sordini*, and a flute in unison. The Janissary chorus is, as such, all that can be desired—short and lively, and written entirely to please the Viennese. I have rather sacrificed Constanze's aria to the flexible throat

* This is the loose translation of Lady Wallace; it should be: "the violins in octaves."—Ed.

of *Mlle. Cavallieri*,—"Trennung war mein banges Loos" I have endeavored to express so far as an Italian bravura air will admit of it. I have changed the *Hui* into *schnell*, so it now stands thus,—"Doch wie schnell schwand meine Freude!" I don't know what our German poets think; even if they do not understand the theatre, or at all events operas, still they should not make their personages talk as if they were addressing a herd of swine.

Now about the *terzetto* at the close of the first act. *Pedrillo* has passed off his master as an architect, to give him an opportunity to meet his *Constanze* in the garden. The Pacha has taken him into his service. *Osmín*, the superintendent, knows nothing of this, and being a rude churl and a sworn foe to all strangers, he is insolent, and refuses to let them enter the garden. This beginning is very short, and as the words admitted of it, I wrote it very passably for the three voices; then comes the major at once *pianissimo*; it must go very quick, and wind up noisily at the close, which is always appropriate at the conclusion of an act; the more noise the better, the shorter the better, so that the people may not have time to cool in their applause. The overture is quite short, with alternate *pianos* and *fortes*, the Turkish music always coming in at the *fortes*. It is modulated through different keys, and I think no one can well go to sleep over it, even if his previous night has been a sleepless one.

Now comes the rub! The first act has been ready for three weeks past, and likewise an aria in the second act, and the drunken duet, which in fact consists entirely of my Turkish tattoo, but I cannot go on with it just now, as the whole story is being altered, and by my own desire. At the beginning of the third act there is a charming quintet, or rather *finale*, but I should prefer having it at the end of the second act. In order to make this practicable, great changes must be made, and in fact an entirely new plot introduced; but *Stephanie* is already over head and ears in other work.

Oct. 13, 1781.

Now as to the libretto of the opera. So far as regards *Stephanie's* work, you are quite right; still the poetry is strictly in keeping with the character of the stupid, surly, malicious *Osmín*. I am well aware that this species of verse is not the best, but it chimed in so admirably with my musical ideas (previously rambling about in my head) that it could not fail to please me, and I would lay a wager that when it is performed no deficiencies will be found. As for the poetry in the piece itself, I really do not consider it at all despicable. The aria of Belmonte, "O wie ängstlich!" could not possibly be better written for the music. The "Hui" and "Kummer ruht in meinem Schoos" excepted, (as grief and repose are incompatible,) the air is not badly written, particularly the first part, and I should say that in an opera the poetry must necessarily be the obedient daughter of the music. Why do the Italian comic opera everywhere please,—with all their wretched poetry,—even in Paris, where I myself witnessed the fact? Because music rules there supreme, and all else is forgotten. An opera is certain to become popular when the plot is well worked out, the verse written expressly for the music, and not merely to suit some miserable rhyme, (which never enhances the value of any theatrical performance, be it what it may, but rather detracts from it), bringing in words, or even entire verses, which completely ruin the whole idea of the composer. Versification is, indeed, indispensable for music, but rhyme, solely for rhyming's sake, most pernicious. Those gentlemen who set to work in this pedantic fashion will always insure the failure both of their book and of the music. It would be well if a good composer could be found who understood the stage, with talent enough to make suggestions, and combined with that true Phoenix—an intellectual poet; then no misgivings would be entertained about the applause of the unlearned. Poets seem to me somewhat like trumpeters with their mechanical tricks! If we musical composers were to adhere as faithfully to our rules, (which were very good at a time when no one knew any better,) we should compose music as worthless as their libretti.

Saenger-Fest at Louisville.

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF THE NORTH AMERICAN SAENGERBUND.

A Louisville, Kentucky, letter dated July 24th, says: Louisville is redolent of Fatherland to-day. The Ohio seems to be transformed into the classic Rhine, and the yellow, red and black flag are sandwiched between the Stars and Stripes. The particular and numerous other banners are waving in every street. The musical congress of the fourteenth annual Saengerbund commences its first grand festi-

val in the West, and from the mammoth Fest Hall on Broadway rolls out the grand old music of the German masters on the voices of a thousand burly Teutons. For the last few days the various committees have been assiduously at work completing the arrangements for the festival, and it is a gratifying proof of the success and popularity of music in America that all nationalities warmly participate in it.

THE FEST HALL,

specially erected at an immense cost for the occasion, is quite an imposing structure. It is fifty feet high, one hundred and seventy-eight long, and eighty-two broad, and is constructed on excellent acoustic principles. The stage is semi-circular, and can accommodate with ease the immense chorus and orchestra designed for it. The building will hold four thousand people, the gallery alone being capable of holding fifteen hundred. It is decorated with red, white and blue devices, and on the steps of the stage appear the busts of BEETHOVEN, MENDELSSOHN, MOZART, SCHUMANN and SCHUBERT. Each society participating in the festival has its own place in the hall designated by an appropriate shield. At the back of the stage APOLLO and his lyre appear, surrounded by effulgent rays.

THE HEADQUARTERS AND COMMITTEES.

The head quarters of the Saengerbund are Beck's Hall. Messrs. Hallman, Stien, Hahn, Wolf, Faulds and Eller are the principal members of the numerous committees. The Fest Director is Mr. Sobolewski, of St. Louis, and Mayor Lithgow and General J. C. Davis take an active part in the proceedings.

THE SOCIETIES PRESENT.

No less than forty societies from different cities in the East and West, including the New York Liederkranz, under the direction of Mr. Stein, had arrived, and will take part in the festival.

THE PROCESSION.

At two o'clock this afternoon a procession was formed at Beck's Hall and started for the Fest Hall in the following order:

Band of Music.
Flag of the Saengerbund.
Central Committee of Columbus, O.
Central Committee of Louisville, Ky.
Maennerchor of Columbus, O.
Band of Music from Chicago, Ill.
Concordia of Chicago, Ill.
Germania of Chicago, Ill.
Freier Maennerchor of Chicago, Ill.
Germania of St. Louis, Mo.
Arion Des Westens, St. Louis, Mo.
Delegations of the Musical Societies of St. Louis, Mo.
Turner Maennerchor, of Nashville, Tenn.
Liederchor, of Evansville, Indiana.
Maennerchor, of Indianapolis.
Maennerchor, Tell City, Ind.
Maennerchor of Terre Haute, Indiana.
Liederkranz, of Richmond, Indiana.
Band of Music.
Maennerchor, of New Albany, Indiana.
Liedertafel, of Lafayette, Indiana.
Saengerbund, of Aurora, Indiana.
Maennerchor, of Laporte, Indiana.
Liederkranz of New York city.
Liedertafel, of Buffalo, New York.
Liederkranz, of Syracuse, New York.
Maennerchor, of Wheeling, West Va.
Harmonie, of Wheeling, West Va.
Frohsinn, of Pittsburgh, Pa.
Band of music from Cincinnati, O.
Maennerchor, of Cincinnati, Ohio.
Saengerbund, of Cincinnati, Ohio.
Junger Maennerchor, of Cincinnati, O.
Harmonie, of Cincinnati, O.
Druiden Saengerchor, of Cincinnati, O.
Saengerbund, of Toledo, O.
Gesangsverein, of Cleveland, O.
Maennerchor, of Cleveland, O.
Liederkranz, of Cleveland, O.
Liederkranz, of Sidney, O.
Wyandotte Saengerbund, of Upper Sandusky, Ohio.
Harmonia, of Chillicothe, O.
Liedertafel, of Akron, O.
Bruderbund, of Tiffin, O.
Orpheus, of Louisville.
Frohsinn, of Louisville.
Liederkranz, of Louisville.
Concordia, of Louisville.

THE RECEPTION CONCERT.

Arrived at the Fest Hall the Saengerbund was opened by Rossini's soul-stirring (!) overture to *La Gazza Ladra*. In this overture there is a movement in triple time, which is one of the most graceful and vivid parts of that great representative of this (?) Italian

school. The other orchestral parts were the march from "The Prophet," a *divertissement* by Wallerstein, and Weber's ever welcome overture to Euryanthe. The march from "The Prophet" was marred by being taken too slow and by the absence of that massive grandeur which should be its distinguishing feature. The other orchestral pieces were given with a warmth and expression that fully upheld the high reputation of the orchestra. Those delicious woodland warblings in the "Euryanthe" were given with freshness and delicacy, and the baton of Mr. Sobolewski held the orchestra of seventy performers in admirable order throughout. "The Singers' Greeting," sung by the Louisville societies, was the only vocal piece on the programme.

The old Central Committee of the Saengerbund presented the society's flags, through Mr. Dresel, to the new committee. Mr. A. Stein, the President, responded. The formal reception of the guests by Mayor Lithgow, of Louisville, then took place, and Professor Heilmann responded in fitting terms. At the close of his address the latter clasped the Mayor's hand, and turning to the audience, uttered the memorable words which have been adopted as the motto of Kentucky, "United we stand, divided we fall," thereby expressing the complete harmony which prevails between the Germans and other nationalities on the present occasion.

In spite of the heat about two thousand people were assembled in the hall.

THE EVENING CONCERT.

During the concert in the evening, Woodland Garden, a handsome and well shaded German resort, in the suburbs of the city, was crowded with the members of the Saengerbund. The garden was brilliantly illuminated, and the vast crowd seemed to abandon themselves completely to the magnetic influence of music, Rhine wine and lager beer. In many of the streets festoons and arches of evergreens are stretched across, and beaming countenances of unmistakable Teutonic origin are to be met at every corner. Austrians and Prussians meet on the neutral ground of music and harmony, forgetful that their brethren across the Atlantic are engaged in deadly strife. Even the juvenile portion of the community have become Teutonified, and march in impromptu procession, with paired tow paper for flags, screaming out phrases belonging to no language in particular.

To-morrow night the first grand vocal and instrumental concert will take place at the Fest Hall. The Saengerfest will finish up on Sunday with one of the grandest concerts ever given in America—namely, the best classical selections, interpreted by the full chorus and orchestra in the Mammoth Cave.

SECOND DAY—PRIZE CONCERT.

To-night the prize concert came off, and the immense Fest Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity; the *coup d'œil* from the spacious gallery was grand in the extreme. The eye ran along the mass of human heads beneath the brilliant illuminated stage, with its crowded tiers of singers, waving flags and banners. The "Willkommen," inscribed in letters of fire above, and the flutter of a thousand fans and the numerous (?) storms, calm and grandeur of the Tell overture, mingled with the scarcely suppressed hum of four thousand people. The orchestra, increased to day to one hundred pieces, was led by Messrs. SOBOLEWSKI, HART and ZOELLER, and is by far the best feature of the festival. So far, the Tell overture, now a necessary feature on every(?) musical programme in America, was given with electrical effect, and had the good fortune of interesting the sweating audience sufficiently to bear up against one hundred degrees Fahrenheit in the hall. The following was the programme of the prize concert:

Overture, "William Tell," Rossini; Orchestra. "Nightly Wanderings," Fr. Abt; Cincinnati Maennerchor. "The Court of Justice," Zöller; Cincinnati Saengerbund. "The Beautiful Mouth of May," Zimmermann; St. Louis Arion des Westens. "Stille, Stille," C. A. Weber; Wheeling Harmonia. "Wald-Abendschein," (dedicated to the Liederkranz,) Fr. Abt; New York Liederkranz. "Morning Dawn," H. Weyd; Sidney Liederkranz. "Fruehlingslandschaft," Jul. Otto; Chicago Concordia. "Saenger Gruss," Fr. Abt; Cincinnati Harmonia. "O Sasz ich auf der Heide dort," F. Abt; Akron Liedertafel. "Den Schoenen," A. Reinhart; West Cleveland Maennerchor. "Morgenlied," Fr. Abt; Indianapolis Maennerchor. "Ständchen," Julius Otto; Nashville Turnerchor. "Well habe Ich Sie Geliebt," Evansville Liederkranz. "Nachtlang Sehnsucht," Kreutzer; Wheeling Maennerchor. "Des Schüffers Traum," Fr. Abt; Columbus (Ohio) Maennerchor. "Der Frohe Wandersmann," Mendelssohn; Cincinnati Junger Maennerchor. Overture, "Tannhäuser," Wagner.

The judges of the prizes were Messrs. SOBOLEWSKI, of St. Louis; BALATKA, of Chicago; WOLFSOHN and HELRICH of New York, and ZOELLER and HART, of Louisville. Of all the societies which took part in the above programme there were three particularly good. These were the New York Liederkranz, A. PAUR, Director; the Cincinnati Maennerchor, CARL BARUS, Director, and the Chicago Concordia, OTTO LOB, Director. The magnificent bass voice of Mr. STEIN contributed largely towards the success of the Fest. The tenor voices in the three societies are free from that nasal twang and metallic or harsh tone that spoils some of the best trained musical organizations. In OTTO's trifling piece, sung by the Chicago Concordia, there is a beautiful imitation of an organ accompaniment to the theme given by the chorus. It was sung with delicacy, and the harmony was exquisite. The applause which followed the efforts of the above named societies was deafening. The other societies showed remarkable training and proficiency, and in some instances an excellent quality of tenor and bass voices.

To-morrow night the remainder of the societies will compete for the handsome prizes which have been presented to the committee of the Saengerfest. The New York Liederkranz, so far, bears away the palm in singing.

A grand torchlight procession followed the concert; and the societies, with music, banners, torches, &c., are passing through the principal streets. The singers and musicians taking part in the Saengerfest number over one thousand.

THIRD DAY—GRAND CONCERT OF SIX HUNDRED SINGERS IN FEST HALL.

LOUISVILLE, July 26.—At a business meeting held this morning in the Fest Hall on the affairs of the Saengerfest, it was resolved that the next annual festival of the North American Saengerbund be held at Indianapolis. The great event of the present festival took place at the hall this evening. A great concert with six hundred singers, supported by an orchestra of one hundred performers, led by Edward Sobolewski, and consisting of the choicest gems of the classic school, drew together a densely packed audience. The heat was oppressive, but the programme, and the rendering of it, more than compensated for all.

The Overture to Egmont, though not rendered with that warmth and thorough precision it received at THOMAS' last symphony *soirée*, showed enough of the heroic element to make it acceptable. MENDELSSOHN's address to the artists was sung with little fire or soul, but in MOHR's glorious Lied the immense chorus warmed up to the spirit of the composer. At one time, like the distant hum of the whirlwind, instruments and voices obeyed the baton of the director.

One of the most beautiful passages we have ever heard occurs in this piece. CARL WOLFSOHN did full justice to the Concerto of Beethoven. In the Isabel(?) overture the oboe were again prominent, and the *finale*, consisting of the English national anthem, was massive and grand. The second (what?), being by Mendelssohn, introduces us to that wonderful masterpiece of nature on the Island of Staffa. In the opening we approach cautiously and hear mysterious sounds from the Basaltic(?) billows, between which the waves dash into the recesses of the cavern; then the various instruments of the orchestra repeat the echoes of little themes which spring up like bubbling rills. As we advance, dream-like melodies, strange and eccentric figures and sudden bursts of discords greet the explorer on his journey, while underneath, far down in the depths of the orchestra, there is a tremulous motion alternately swelling and diminishing like the ceaseless rise and fall of the ocean. The succeeding vocal piece, "The Battle of Spirits," was happily chosen and placed. One part of this extraordinary composition contains as much Walpurgisnacht devilry in it as come from the hands of the composers of the Freischütz, Robert le Diable, or Harold. The execution—orchestral and choral—was all that could be desired. The brilliant and showy overture to Robespierre, which is a perfect photograph (!) of the days of the barricades, was received with an outburst of genuine enthusiasm. The magic wand of the director causes to pass before us the gloomy Bastille, the mutterings of the Revolution, and the outbreak and the attack, with its rattling of *mitraille*, *pas de charge*, shouts of triumph and defiance, cries for mercy, groans of the dying. The Place de Greve and its hideous paraphernalia of death; and lastly, the soul-stirring Marseilles Hymn, crowned with fantastic wreaths of violin, viola and flute passages.

The other pieces were splendidly sung, and the concert was one of which the West may well feel proud. The numerous visitors from the East were

surprised to find such an incontestible evidence of the progress of music on this side of the Alleghanies.

[We find the above in a Pittsburg (Pa.) paper, and copy it as the only report of the Fest which has yet come to hand. We must confess, some of it, particularly what is said of those "choicest gems of the classic school" in the account of the third day, is slightly bewildering.]

A German View of Musical Histories.

No field of history has been so sparingly cultivated up to the present time as the history of music. The most voluminous works we Germans possess on the subject (such as those by Brendel, Reissmann, Schlüter, &c.) although written in an independent spirit, are either so sketchy, or so little indebted to due research, that the desire for an exhaustive and satisfactory treatment of the matter has never been gratified. In the last century, Forkel commenced a comprehensive history of music, but, unfortunately, did not bring it to a conclusion, discontinuing it on the threshold of modern times, that is, exactly at the point it began to be interesting. A recent undertaking, the *History of Music*, by Ambros, has only reached the second volume. The progress of this book, which affords evidence of great diligence, of laudable profundity, and of rare acquirements, is far too slow, considering the impatience with which its completion is awaited. Foreign countries can certainly boast of valuable historical works on music, but these works are generally on special subjects. The Italians (Pater Martini, for instance) have written the musical history of Italy; the English (Hawkins, Burney, Jones, and Busby) that of England, &c. Some authors, moreover, have tried their hand at the history of church music and of oratorio, of opera and of musical pieces, of songs and national melodies, in separate monographies, and modern musical literature is rich in admirable biographical works. Still all these preliminary labors are not yet sufficient to give us a picture, in all respects exhaustive, of the history of music, especially the music of Germany. While for France the matter for a history of music is concentrated in Paris, and for England in London, in Germany it is dispersed through hundreds of channels. All the large, small, and petty capitals, all the Imperial and commercial cities, have their separate musical histories. The arrangements, the customs, the progress of all these cities great and small, display an infinite variety. In one, there is no concentration; in another, everything hurries forward by independent paths of its own. The musical history of the villages of Germany is endlessly diversified, and contains a large store of experience and interesting observation. Up to the present moment but little has been done for Germany in the way of such special musical histories. We have the history of the theatres of Hamburg, Lübeck, Berlin, Brunswick, Leipsic, Gotha, Dresden, Vienna, Nuremberg, Würzburg, Munich, Mannheim, Darmstadt, &c.; and an attempt has been made to write a history of music and the drama in Prussia. The various musical papers, as well as Chrysander's *Jahrbücher*, have, in their particular way, contributed by no means an unimportant amount of information. But all this does not suffice. Before it is possible to write an exhaustive history of music in Germany it will be necessary to have the special musical history of the more considerable capitals and Imperial cities (let the reader think for a moment of Nuremberg and Augsburg.) As far as Bavaria is concerned, a happy beginning has been made. In obedience to commands from a high quarter, Dr. Mettenleiter, of Regensburg, has, for years past, been collecting materials for a musical history of Bavarian towns, and the first fruits of his labors, *The History of Music in Regensburg*, are now before us. Any one casting merely a cursory glance over such a work has no conception what courage, what devotion, what patient self-denial such an undertaking requires; what preparatory studies and wearisome research it demands. The work just mentioned gives us, in four parts or divisions, the musical history of the celebrated old town. The first two parts contain the theoretical works treating of music generally, and those treating of liturgical music especially; the two others, the practical application of the theoretical principles to sacred and mundane purposes. We are supplied with detailed information of all musical works originated in Regensburg, and still to be found there; of all composers who were born, and who worked, there; of the arrangements regarding church-music; of the practice of music in the schools; of dramatic and

* *Musikgeschichte der Stadt Regensburg. Aus Archivalien und sonstigen Quellen bearbeitet von Dr. Dem. Mettenleiter. Regensburg: 1866.*

of concert music; of the town musicians, and, in a word, of everything relating to music. In addition to this, a mass of false and doubtful facts are set right; deficiencies made good; and unknown matter brought to light. The author, who himself possesses an invaluable musical library, has taken advantage of all the means within his reach, including archives, public and private collections, and even hawkers' stalls. He gives us, and desires to give us, only materials and authentic documents, as contributions for future works. For this reason, he refrains as much as possible from opinions and additions of his own. Many readers might, probably, have preferred a continuous narrative, but, even in its present shape, the book is not without some highly attractive portions. Among these I would more especially include the warm and enthusiastic description of the life, the travels, and the labors, of that most meritorious investigator, Dr. X. Proske. One thing that is somewhat objectionable in the earlier parts is a certain prominent employment of Latin. A great many readers, especially musicians, will not understand it, and, consequently, be unable to benefit by the interesting information it contains. However desirable it may be to retain old codices in the original language, it is an indisputable fact, that, if the book is to find its way among, and be understood by, a large circle of readers, there should always be a faithful translation, and great caution in the use of Latin flourishes. What I most especially miss in the book is a catalogue of the German Roman Catholic and Protestant Hymn Books printed and used in Regensburg. As church music constitutes a material part of the musical history of a town, and as, moreover, it is impossible to obtain a clear notion of the subject as long as we are not acquainted with its literature, it appears urgently desirable that, at some future time, a separate chapter should be devoted to it.—*London Musical World*.

Music Abroad.

London.

The musical season is over. The principal events of interest in the latter weeks of it were the revival of Mozart's exquisite opera (written on the eve of his marriage to his Constance), called originally "*Cos-tanza e Belmonte*," but now known as "*The Seraglio*," or *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, of which we give an account on a preceding page; new triumphs of Adeline Patti, in a new character for her, the Catharine of Meyerbeer's *L'Etoile du Nord*;—Mr. Benedict's annual monster concert, with all the famous singers and players that London can muster, and "47 pieces" in the programme (!);—and young Arthur Sullivan's concert with the distinguished aid of Mme. Goldschmidt and her husband. Of this last the *Musical World* of July 14 says:

Mr. Santley sang pieces by Gounod and Sullivan, and sang as he always sings—in other words, superbly, receiving and accepting a loud and unanimous encore for the latter's quaint and charming "Mistress mine;" but the extraordinary attraction was not Mr. Santley. Mlle. Mehlig played J. S. Bach's concerto in C minor, for two pianofortes, with that solid English pianist, Mr. Franklin Taylor, and the *Recollections of Ireland*, by Moscheles, as a solo; but although she played brilliantly, and though, at the end of her second performance there was a loud call for the venerable composer, who was known to be in the room, and who responded to the call with all the alacrity of years gone by, the extraordinary attraction was neither Mlle. Mehlig nor Herr Moscheles. Nor was it Mr. Cummings and Miss Edith Wynne, who gave the lovely duet, "In such a night as this," from Mr. Sullivan's *Kenilworth*, and joined Mr. Santley in a trio. Nor was it even the new symphony in E of Mr. Sullivan, of the performances of which, at the Crystal Palace and St. James's Hall (by the Musical Society of London), we spoke at the time, and which, though hardly so well played as at the Crystal Palace, under Herr Manns, was admired more than ever, and found more than ever Mendelssohnian. The extraordinary attraction was neither more nor less than Madame Lind-Goldschmidt—"Jenny Lind." Not only is there magic still in that name, but there is magic still in that voice; and the occasions, few and far between, which the lovers of music have enjoyed of hearing this most accomplished artist—"greatest of singers in all styles," as Mendelssohn used to say of her—since she formally took leave of the public, are seized upon with avidity. Mme. Lind-

Goldschmidt sang four pieces on Wednesday night, and the audience, enchanted, would have listened with satisfaction to each of the four pieces twice. Madame Goldschmidt, however, received the tribute to her genius with the dignified affability of one who, knowing her own worth, is at the same time pleased at the recognition of it; but she was content to give each piece set down for her in the programme once, wherein she set an example which others might imitate with advantage. Her first songs were two by Mr. Sullivan; "Sweet day," a new setting of some verses "altered from George Herbert," and the Shakspeare song, "Orpheus with his lute made trees," which it has been several times our agreeable task to praise. Mr. Sullivan accompanied these himself on the pianoforte, and thus enjoyed a special opportunity of judging what effect could be made out of his music by the most perfect singing, perfect alike in expression and in vocalization. But great as she was in Sullivan, Madame Goldschmidt was still greater in Handel. How she can sing the music of *Il Pensieroso* in general, and the recitative and air, "Sweet bird," in particular, amateurs were made aware, not very long since, at St. James's Hall. Nothing more engaging, nothing more earnest, nothing more dramatic can be imagined. On Wednesday night, if possible, her delivery of this picturesque *scena* (in which the flute *obligato* part was admirably sustained by Mr. A. Wells, of the Crystal Palace orchestra) exhibited more poetical feeling and more consummate technical skill than when last we heard it. The shakes, in one or two instances, were prolonged almost out of measure, but then they were so faultless, so close, so "pearly," and so exquisitely rounded off, that to complain would have been hypercritical. Almost equal in interest to her "recital" of Handel's *scena* was Madame Goldschmidt's unaffected, and touchingly expressive reading of the "old English ditty," called "The Three Ravens," of which the Russian poet, Pusckin, has published a translation in the form of an original. Such ballad-singing, so studiously simple and, at the same time, so finished, is rare; and the applause that followed was as hearty, spontaneous and general as that awarded to the more marvellous execution of the great air from *Il Pensieroso*.

The concert opened with Professor Sterndale Bennett's beautiful and always welcome overture, *Die Naiden*; the first part ended with an overture to a MS. opera (*The Sapphire Necklace*) by Mr. Sullivan; and the whole terminated with the "brisk dance" from his *Kenilworth*, all of which pieces were extremely well played by the very fine orchestra under the direction of the concert-giver.

Herr Otto Goldschmidt played a pianoforte-part, composed by himself, to the air from *Il Pensieroso*.

NATIONAL MUSICAL EDUCATION.—The Musical Education Committee of the Society of Arts, which was appointed to consider the state of musical education in the United Kingdom, have agreed to their first report. They have obtained full information of the constitution, present state, and working of the Royal Academy of Music; and have obtained evidence on the National College of Music, the London Academy of Music, and the London Vocal Academy. They have received a report, also, on the military school of music, Kneller Hall. On the subject of Church music the committee have been in correspondence with the deans and chapters of the several cathedral churches; and through the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, reports have been obtained of the regulations of the several academies at Paris, Munich, Vienna, Prague, Leipzig, Milan, Naples and Berlin. The Secretary of the Society of Arts was dispatched to Brussels and Liège, in order to report on the musical institutions there, and in respect of the Royal Academy of Music, Sir George Clerk, Bart., Chairman of the Committee of Management, and Mr. Lucas, principal of the Academy, have given evidence. The views of the musical profession have been stated by the following gentlemen, who have kindly responded to the invitation of the committee, and have either appeared personally before the committee or favored them with written observations:—Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mr. Benedict, Mr. Costa, Mr. Garcia, Mr. A. F. Godfrey, Mr. J. Hallah, Mr. Henry Leslie, Mr. C. Lucas, Mr. G. A. Mcfarren, Sir F. Gore Ouseley, Mr. Ernst Pauer, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, Mr. Turle, and Dr. Wylde. The committee also acknowledge valuable evidence and suggestions which they have received from Sir George Clerk, Messrs. Capes, Harry Chester, H. F. Chorley, Cole, C. B., P. Le Neve Foster, and B. St. John Joule. The committee have not considered it within their province to enter upon the subject of the various systems of teaching music. Their inquiries have rather been

directed to ascertaining the principles and the nature of the administration by which the general musical education of the people of this country may be systematically conducted on a scale and with results at least equal to those of the academies which flourish on the continent. They first turned their attention to the Royal Academy of Music as being the institution best calculated to serve as the basis for any enlarged national institution for promoting musical education, and had the satisfaction of finding the utmost willingness on the part of the Royal Academy to adopt whatever course might be necessary to improve its organization and render it thoroughly efficient. The committee consider that adequate parliamentary funds, with ministerial responsibility for their expenditure, are essential to the establishment and maintenance of a national academy of music worthy of its object. A national academy should afford gratuitous education to a limited number of persons having great musical gifts, who, after proper training at the public expense, would engage to devote their talents to the service of the public as professors of the art of music, and the form in which parliamentary assistance could be best afforded, it is thought, would be by scholarships, which should be held by candidates who, in open competition, had proved that they are endowed with the gift of musical ability. Besides the training of free scholars the academy should also be open to the public at large on the payment of adequate fees. As soon as the institution shall have obtained public confidence, it is hoped that the cathedrals and various other corporations will provide the means of sending, from their respective localities to the academy, young persons of musical genius, and the committee recommend that the Society of Arts should itself set the example of such endowments by establishing a limited number of scholarships. The committee consider, however, that before Parliament can be asked to increase its present vote to the Royal Academy of Music, the academy should provide, through the voluntary aid of the public, permanent and suitable premises, possessing all requisite facilities for practice and study. It is suggested that application should be made for a site on the Kensington Gore estate. Probably three years must elapse before convenient and ample premises can be built even after the funds are obtained, and as, in the meantime, the academy is obliged to vacate its present premises in Tenterden-street, and is seeking to obtain temporary shelter elsewhere, the committee consider that every effort should be made in the meantime by the Academy to enlarge its basis of action and to establish an effective system of responsible administration. This can be secured only by the appointment of a director, of proved administrative ability, entrusted with full authority. When the public are satisfied with the promise of an efficient academy, it may be expected that they will contribute towards the erection of suitable premises.

The *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung* says of our London concert season. "The most brilliant, that is to say, the most profitable concerts are not given by the most important artists but by the best patronized teachers. The former only enter into the concerts given by the Societies or by single *entrepreneurs*; for this they are paid, and according to the measure of their reputation earn their money. This reputation grows with the years, not with the abilities of the artists: on the contrary an artist in England is often most celebrated when he has been known for the last twenty years, and his abilities are waning." Of a lately given benefit concert the correspondent thus writes: "If patience be genius Benedict is the greatest genius of the century. I heard him years ago in a great lord's house conduct an amateur society composed of live duchesses, marchionesses, and other inheritors of the best blood. The ladies sang in inverse proportion to their rank: the more nobility the more wrong notes; and there sat Benedict with a delighted face. Nay more—he had studied all the pieces; and he, the man who has lived in England for the last 30 years and there won his reputation and fortune, had the heavenly patience to sit with enraptured countenance teaching these high-born ladies septets, accompanying them, and never for one moment thinking, 'Perdition take them all! I will rather live on a couple of groschen a day in Germany and enjoy good music in my old age than perform such Sisyphean work!' But Benedict doubtless rose next morning much fresher than I, and bowed down to Brighton, there to teach in a boarding school; and whereas my ears still quivered with the recollection of these false 'highborn' notes of the evening before, he would be taking in so many more as to forget aristocratic in middle-class torments; and in the evening he would sit down to compose a cantata with the most tranquil mind, as of a man who only listened to perpetual harmonies."

The Royal Operahouse closed its doors on the 17th of June for the season, with Cherubini's *Deux Journées*, or *Wasserträger*, as it is here denominated. Mlle. Dillner, a young lady with a pleasing, albeit somewhat harsh voice, sang the part of Marcelline; Mlle. Horina, that of the Countess; and Herr Krause that of Micheli.

One of the most interesting events of the past season, as far as true art is concerned, was the revival of *Antigone*, with Mendelssohn's magnificent music. If the late king had never done aught else to preserve his memory from oblivion, the fact that it was he who suggested Sophocles' work to Mendelssohn, would be sufficient to prevent his name from being so soon forgotten by those who have a feeling for what is great and beautiful. All honor to him for the part, though simply suggestive, which he had in the work. The piece was performed and sung "excellent well." Herr Taubert conducted the choruses and the orchestra admirably. The only person I did not like was Madame Jachmann, but truth compels me to add that the rest of the spectators were not of my opinion, for they applauded her vehemently.

I wish I could chronicle the production of a few new operas. But unfortunately for Germany, and the world too, Mendelssohn's, and Meyerbeers, and Webers, and Beethovens, and a host of such like giants, are not to be found every day. Musical productivity, as the Germans themselves term it, appears temporarily to have become extinct, or at any rate to be slumbering, for I do not take into account the lucubrations of Herr Richard Wagner, Herr Hans von Bülow, *et hoc genus omne*.

Among the *debutantes*, I may mention Mlle. Lina Frieß, the daughter of Madame Frieß-Blumauer, a very favorite actress at the Theatre-Royal. She made her first appearance as Aennchen in *Der Freyschütz*. Her second character was that of Henriette in *Le Maçon*; her third, that of Zerlina in *Fra Diavolo*; her fourth, that of Marzeline in *Fidelio*. She possesses a pleasing voice, which has evidently been well-trained. Her acting, as was to be expected, is very amateurish. Still she evidently has talent and will prove, I should say, a valuable acquisition, when practice shall have given her confidence, softened down certain asperities, and supplied certain shortcomings. Another fair aspirant for operatic honors was Mlle. Börner, who sustained the parts of Agatha, Elizabeth, and Bertha, in *Der Freyschütz*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Le Prophète* respectively. Yet another was Mlle. Bähr, who appeared in the last named opera as Fides, and a remarkably cold and impassive Fides she made. And now, having mentioned some of the *debutantes*, I must inform you that two very popular ladies have left us. These are Mlle. Leontine Gericke and Mlle. Santer. Mlle. Gericke has married a Berlin tradesman or merchant—render the word *Kaufmann* which way you choose—and retires altogether from the stage. She selected for her last performance the first act of *Les Huguenots*, the third act of *Der Freyschütz*. She was greatly applauded, and overwhelmed with bouquets in the course of the evening, and, after the fall of the curtain, the stage-manager, Herr Hein, presented her with a silver fruit dish or salver, from the members of the company. The King, too, made her a present of a magnificent bracelet. Mlle. Santer does not leave the stage, but has accepted an engagement at the Royal Operahouse Dresden. Her husband is a Herr Blume, formerly an officer in the army, but now a music-master.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG. 4, 1866.

Music on the Common.

We were just calling our thoughts to order to resume the discussion of this summer topic, when we were much pleased to meet the following good suggestion in the *Daily Advertiser* of last Wednesday morning, which for the present turns us aside a little from the main question: What would be the best kind of music for the people in the open air, and how may it best be organized and administered at public cost? But the special point here raised may throw some light upon the general problem. Thus saith the *Advertiser*:

It has been proposed in the Board of Aldermen, that one of the performances of music on the Common should be a performance of sacred

music on the afternoons of Sunday, through the summer. The motion was lost, for what reason we do not know and cannot guess. A city which permits the performance of sacred music for money on Sunday, has in that permission recognized it as a work of mercy or necessity. It is quite too late then, to pretend that such a performance breaks in on the proper observances of the day. The only questions are, whether poor people who do not choose to go into music halls, shall have the same advantage in this direction as rich people who do choose; and whether in those months when churches and music halls are uncomfortable from heat, the community may not profit by sacred music in the open air.

We suppose, therefore, that the defeat of the proposed Sunday performance was a measure of economy. What was proposed was that one of the two weekly performances of the band, paid for by the city, should take place on that day when ten times as many people can profit by it as on any other day,—when they would come to it not fatigued, but in a condition to enjoy it,—and that instead of polkas, waltzes, and quick-steps, the performance should consist of sacred music, to be selected by the highest authorities. It seems that the majority of the Board of Aldermen have that fondness for the more frivolous music of the bands, and that dread of those grave compositions which for near two thousand years have been united with worship in almost all Christian communions, that they have decided to have twice as many dancing tunes as was proposed, and, at the city charge, no sacred music at all. So far have we fallen back from the standard of Puritanism.

The decision of the aldermen may be considered final, as far as they are concerned. It is well known that they do not readily abandon a decision respecting the public grounds. We would suggest, however, to those gentlemen who are interested in this plan for simple and general worship in the open air, that it will be easy to carry it out without an appropriation from the city.

No subscription paper would be so easily filled as one for an hour's sacred music on the Common before sunset on Sundays. There can be no conceivable objection made by anybody. Military bands play what they choose on Sunday, where they choose, without asking leave of any one. A band has only to choose to play some passages from Handel, Beethoven and Bach on the Common. Again, there is no ordinance yet to prevent a gentleman from whistling on the Common or from playing the flute there, or the trombone or the bass drum. And if a number of gentlemen happen to play these instruments together and in harmony, on Sunday afternoon, we apprehend that no objection will be made by anybody.

We trust we may have the pleasure of announcing the arrangements for such a sacred concert.

The idea is in the main good, if somewhat crude and undeveloped. We may consider the question whether such concerts are compatible with the proper observance of the Sabbath as sufficiently disposed of. Music there will be, in some form or other, in public or in private, in concert-halls and theatres or out of doors, on that day, as on all days. If not sacred music, then profane (not scrupling to take the name of "sacred"); if not serious, inspiring, edifying music, then frivolous, dissipating music; if not the music of Art and Feeling and Religion, then that of trade and money-making, catering to lower tastes, to paying audiences and fashions. It is much better to assume the fact, that music, outside of formal public worship, there will and must be upon Sundays, and to study how to have it good—part of the soul's life which we try to realize upon that day of rest from trade and selfishness.

To the great mass of toil-worn mortals, seeking

air and freedom, the evening hours of Sunday are the one opportunity: how shall it be improved? By giving them music of the right kind, rightly executed. All will depend, first on the selection of the pieces, the making up of programmes, and then on the efficiency of the band or orchestra.

1. It is a great thing in favor of this plan that the very name and day suggested are in themselves some pledge that the music performed shall at least not be frivolous, not of a mere *ad captandum*, clap-trap, dissipating character. Something better than noisy, startling effect, which soon gets to be tame and humdrum from the very frequency as well as intrinsic shallowness thereof; something more serious and more elevating than dance tunes, more wholesome and refreshing than sentimental airs and arranged scenes or medleys from sensational Italian operas, with cornets and tubas caricaturing (as if that were not superfluous) the languishing strains or would-be passionate bursts of Messieurs Tenore, Baritone, &c., might be expected in such concerts and on such a day. And yet the term "sacred concerts" has been so abused that we own to a strong prejudice against it; one may well be sceptical about any entertainment which offers itself under that name. Concerts are called sacred simply to save appearances and to conciliate the letter of the law—an old, and as we shall doubtless learn when we become more civilized and enough more truly religious not to be afraid to act naturally and honestly and dare to be genial and happy on the Lord's day, an absurd law. They are called sacred, but the music, much of it, is anything but sacred, spiritual, or even such as interests the higher feelings or the holier imagination. Judging by the custom of the times, we have not much assurance that the term "sacred" would be used with more sincerity in Sunday concerts on the Common than in those whose singular programmes in theatres and halls have long since ceased to be singular.

Practically, artistically, it would be almost impossible to make up a programme of band music out of sacred music in the most exclusive sense, that is to say, of such pieces as were composed for the church and have no associations save with some religious service. The varieties and contrasts, the progressive interest of an oratorio, a mass, a sacred cantata, or even an anthem—how are these possible with a mere brass band! A whole hour or two of only chorales or psalm-tunes, one grave Adagio after another, would certainly be wearisome and provoke comments in a mood not particularly religious—only heartier perhaps than affected, feigned religion. There would need to be, of course there would be, a wider range in the selections. Pieces not written for religious uses, serious, inspiring, elevating music not made for Sunday more than any other day, extracts from symphonies, operas, &c., would have to come in. Better, therefore, drop a name which has become so conventional and insincere, and only see to it that we secure the real thing; call them simply Concerts on the Common—Sunday concerts, if you please—but do not call them "Sacred;" for if you do, the chances are that they will be very far from sacred. Let the selections be made with taste and judgment, on the principle of intrinsic fitness, with a view to what is elevating, pure, quickening to the higher and the holier sentiments, as well as refreshing and cap-

tivating to the sense, and it will be no matter about the name. But in all things we endanger sincerity, and therefore sacredness, by profession. The *Advertiser's* plan, however, meets this difficulty by the suggestion that the selections be controlled by the best authorities—if these could only be with any unanimity or sure discretion pointed out, and then won to the ungrateful task!

2. As to the means of performance. The brass band seems to be our fatality. Thin, monochromatic, noisy, coarse little energetic fuss and feathery band of sixteen brass instruments, all of the Sax family, brazen throats made to cut through and overbear the confused din of the streets, and yet by the emasculate contrivance of valves taught to sing as it were a poor kind of falsetto, caricaturing softer instruments and human voices in a sentimental, vulgar and affected way! This seems to be all that Municipal economy affords the people in the way of bands; and, in fact, nearly every other form of band has disappeared. But it has its uses, for which it is very good. It is good for military parades in streets. It is good for certain kinds of music, good when it does not strain itself to do too much,—for instance, ape Italian Opera on the Common. And fortunately for this Sunday plan, there is nothing for which a choir of brass instruments is better fitted than for plain, solid harmonized Chorales. Even the bands of sixteen can render these effectively. It would be much better, of course, out in the open air, if the number could be quadrupled,—preference being given to the honest, manly, native brass sound over nondescript valve tones. Good old Lutheran Chorales, *well arranged*, might form a considerable part, in fact the staple of the programmes. And even the *Advertiser's* suggestion of the name of Bach will not seem so wide of the mark, when we consider that Bach's arrangements of the Chorales are the most perfect models of four-part harmony that exist, and that no one has so brought out the beauty, the grandeur, the soul's depth, the tenderness and piety of those old tunes as he has in these masterly arrangements. They are difficult for voices, but they would not be so for instruments—would our bands only consent to resolve themselves for the time being into four parts, like a chorus of mixed voices! We are sure, such pure, sincere music, once grown a little familiar, would win upon the popular heart.

Chorales and psalm-tunes would not be enough alone. There is plenty of other music, kindred or compatible in spirit, very various in form and momentary mood and tempo, to be drawn from both so-called sacred and secular sources, which would be available. Even the Opera—such operas at least as Mozart, Gluck, Beethoven wrote—affords some of the holiest moments in the whole history of musical creation. Some of the priest's music in the "Magic Flute," for instance, is quite as spiritual and sacred as that of the *Requiem*, and was the product of the same months and the same state of mind in which Mozart wrote the latter. Some of this, and some of the solemn, stately harmonies of Gluck, are practicable enough for brass bands.

The range could be profitably extended, could there only be brought together for these occasions a much larger band, with proper blending of softer instruments, clarinets, oboes, flutes, bassoons, French horns, &c., with *quant. suff.*, and no more, of those of brass and of percussion.

Then even the Chorale might be illustrated, varied, made picturesque, in the way that we have witnessed on the Organ in those so-called "Choral Vorspiele" of Bach. With the reeds and flutes for flowing accompaniment, and the brass for the chorale proper, the effect might be fine. Then of course larger compositions of various kinds, movements from Oratorios and Masses, serious Overtures, edifying parts of Symphonies, &c., &c., might be reproduced with some truth and delicacy, not offensively caricatured as such things are by mere brass bands. But this brings us back to our old idea of a "Civic Band," under municipal patronage, of which we shall have more to say. Meanwhile think of such a band as a correspondent tells us of below.

Music in the Public Schools.

Most of the music in our city, since our last, has been made by the boys and girls in the public schools. Musical exercises entered more or less into the annual examinations and exhibitions of the separate schools during the last month. In each school, besides the exercises in reading, grammar, geography, &c., a part of the time was occupied by an exemplification of Mr. Mason's admirable method of training children, both in the Primary and Grammar Schools, to sing and read and understand simple written music; or by a most convincing specimen of the "Vocal Gymnastics" as administered by Mr. Munroe in person, or through the teachers he has taught; or by pleasing results of both, shown in numerous choruses, trios and songs sung at refreshing intervals under the direction of Mr. Sharland, who has been following up the good work of Mr. Mason in the Grammar Schools, and, by a well-chosen collection of pieces, which has grown together from the fresh needs of this very practice, together with his own skill in piano accompaniment and tact as a teacher, has produced in many of the schools very satisfactory part-singing, in which hundreds of children partake with good ensemble. We have no doubt, one result of the exhibitions this year,—while they have shown a vast improvement generally in our public school education, and a fine cheerful spirit of coöperation between teachers and pupils, all happy in their work and full of beautiful enthusiasm, and while taste, imagination, something like æsthetic culture is more and more insinuating itself into the dry methods, making school attractive—has been to convince crowds of intelligent spectators of the practicability and the blessing of music taught as a regular branch in all our schools.

If further confirmation were needed, it was found in the annual School Festival at the Music Hall, on Tuesday afternoon, July 24.

This was a musical festival on essentially the same plan which has worked so satisfactorily for some years past, and for which the whole community is so much indebted to the wisdom, ingenuity and perseverance of the musical portion of the School Committee, who have gradually leavened nearly the whole lump. This time it was even better than before; practice makes perfect, and the organization of the singing by twelve hundred girls and boys, with their stage arrangements, their entrances and their exits, has now grown into an easy working habit. We need not describe the beautiful spectacle again; it can never fail to be inspiring; what little we have room to say must relate to the exercises. The order thereof was improved by making the musical selections more varied, reducing the proportion of grave choral-singing, and by allotting less space to addresses; only three were made, and these were all appropriate and brief: the opening one by the chairman of the festival committee, Mr. Story, another by Hon. Richard Warren of

New York, and finally a few words by his Honor Mayor Lincoln, after the presentation of the bouquets to the medal scholars.

After an organ prelude by Mr. SHARLAND and an invocation by the Chaplain of the day, Mr. ZERRAHN raised his baton, calling the twelve hundred upon their feet, and one of the Chorales used by Mendelssohn in "St. Paul" was sung in unison, the Organ alone supplying harmony. The unison between voices and organ was not quite perfect, but the mass of vocal tone was full, clear, well-sustained. The discrepancy of pitch vanished when the orchestra accompanied in the National Hymn of Holland, which was interesting but not so imposing as the Russian or the English hymn.

Probably no piece gave so much pleasure as the Trio, or three-part Chorus, by Rossini, sung by the pupils of the Girls' High and Normal School (who are under Mr. Zerrahn's special instruction) and sung with beautiful blending and shading of fresh, pure, sweet voices, with one of those finely figurative orchestral accompaniments with which the inexhaustible fancy of that genial Italian blossoms out so readily. We may suggest more choruses from Rossini, especially some in the first act of "Tell"; for instance that delicious and yet serious, tender wedding chorus—"The Image of the Rose," a more extended piece, Cantata-like, by Reichardt, pleased by its smooth melodious quality. "Over the Billows," from Mr. Kielblock's "Miles Standish," a ringing, buoyant sailor chorus, with a prayerful choral episode, and quite ingenious orchestration, made a very good effect.

Then came an intermission of a few minutes, during which the babble (Babel) of young voices, suddenly set loose, was multitudinous as the sea, and had a strangely mingled, fascinating music of its own, of which the outline would be hard to seize. A friend asked us if that sound could not be translated or reproduced in actual musical composition; for rhythmical it surely was. And lo! the other day we chanced to open on a piano-forte piece—only in two parts too—the flickering rapid figure of which palpably recalled to us that infinite babblement of young mountain brook-like voices. Turn to Cramer's *Etudes*, the one numbered 26 in Köhler's "Classical High School for Pianists," and there you have the phenomenon mirrored to the life, if you can only play the piece clear and fast enough!

"The Heavens are telling," from the *Creation*, was the great piece—of course the orchestra and organ supplied the lower parts of the harmony. It was sung in a manner to show that music is not taught for nothing in our schools. All that remained, after the presentation and the Mayor's Address, was "Old Hundred," in the last verse of which the audience joined. The singing on the whole was superior to that of past years; and both in the style of rendering the music and in voice delivery, in average power and quality of voices, the teachings of Messrs. Mason, Sharland and Munroe already show good fruits.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Brass Band Question.

MR. EDITOR:—In your paper of the 21st, I read an article containing some very pleasant suggestions in regard to the music on the Common. Every lover of good music must concur with your idea, that a coarse brass band of the street pattern is entirely inadequate to render the better kind of music effectively. On a visit to Germany last year, I had the satisfaction of listening to some superior performances of regimental bands there. I was several weeks in the city of Hesse-Cassel, and the performances of the band of the Guards there were something truly admirable. I took a memorandum at the time, of what instruments it was composed; the original having been mislaid, however, I must try to supply the information from memory. As well as I can recollect, the combination of instruments ran thus:

Bass Saxhorns.....	4
Bass Trombones.....	2
of the good old slide pattern.	
Tenor Trombones.....	3

French Horns.....	4
Cornets à piston.....	4
Bassoons.....	4
Soprano and Alto Clarinets.....	10
Oboes.....	4
Flutes.....	3
Piccolo.....	1
<hr/>	
Bass Drum.....	1
Small Drums.....	2
Cymbals (pairs).....	2
Triangle.....	1
<hr/>	
Total.....	45

The combination of such a variety of instruments indeed seems admirable. The light and shade and instrumental effects are almost orchestral. As a proof of what such a band is capable, allow me to mention some compositions which I heard those artists perform. Overtures to "Der Freyschütz," "Jes-sonda," "Egmont," "Siege of Corinth," "Tannhäuser" (!); also an entire act from *Lohengrin*, the fourth act from the *Huguenots*, and many other excellent compositions which I noted down in my diary. It would indeed be a pleasure to hear such music performed on the Common by a full Reed Band. If people had opportunity to listen to bands of that kind, they would most probably lose their love for the noisy and coarse brass bands now so generally in vogue.

Boston, July 26.

E. H.

NEW HAVEN. The Mendelssohn Society (writes a correspondent) gave Haydn's "Creation," entire, on the 11th ult., with the assistance of Mrs. H. M. Smith, Mr. J. Whitney, tenor, Mr. M. W. Whitney, bass, and an efficient orchestra, mostly from New York. The Conductor of the Society is Mr. W. D. Anderson. The solo singers (well known in Boston) gave universal delight; the chorus never did better, and the audience were aroused to a degree of enthusiasm seldom seen in New Haven.

MR. A. W. THAYER, who is Consul at Trieste, writes from that place: "I have had the first part of my manuscript *Life of Beethoven* translated into German, and it is in the hands of the printer. I have already had good reason to be pleased at having adopted this course, since my translator, who resides in Bonn, has been able to follow up my researches there, and discovered some valuable additions to my own materials, which my removal to this place, and confinement here by official duties, would have prevented me from doing myself. I have had two applications from England for leave to translate my Beethoven work. I reply that, as English is my native tongue, I prefer to send my own manuscript in my own style to press! As I read over the proof-sheets I am delighted with my translator, and, at the same time, astonished at the fine result of my long continued researches. Should you find any kind of allusions to Beethoven down as late as 1800 or 1805, please to note them for me. My official duties take up so much of my time as to prevent me from going on as I could wish with my literary labors, but 'hope on, hope ever.' The time must come when I can use all this material."

Mr. Santley, the English Baritone.

There is not much to be told of the career of Mr. Santley (writes an "esteemed correspondent" of the *London Orchestra*) beyond the fact that he is a Lancashire man, a native, I believe, of Liverpool—that he was first educated into music at home—that he formed part of the chorus of the Philharmonic Society there, if not of the orchestra; and that in the course of such training he got that general insight into music which is not always found—as our profession unhappily attests—among those educated in academies. From the first he was as remarkable for his manly and generous uprightness of character, and its probity, as for his beautiful voice and extraordinary musical intelligence. Means were found to send him to Italy for the cultivation of his voice. He placed himself at Milan under Signor Nava; and during his residence there as a student (a position which, morally as well as musically, has ruined many an Englishman and woman) gained the universal es-

teem of every one. His intention was to remain in Italy for awhile, and attempt his career on the stage of that country; but home-counsels from those who knew his solid musical acquirements and had tested his great vocal capabilities, decided him on returning to England at a very critical moment. Had he bound himself for a term of years to sing the rubbishing music of the modern Italian theatre, Europe might have lost its best singer of his class, and he might have fallen into those false habits of taste which the applause of bad things cannot fail to encourage. He decided on immediately returning to London, totally unknown there save to one person—Mr. Hullah (to whom the credit is due of always listening for novelty and doing his best to produce the same at his concerts at St. Martin's Hall), invited him to sing in the third act of "*The Creation*." It may be told that so little expectation had been excited on his behalf that the lady who had been "cast" for *Eve* to his *Adam* threw up the part. The singing of that one act decided Mr. Santley's future. There could be no mistake about it. Engagements of the first class, such as those of the Sacred Harmonic Society's oratorios, and at the concerts conducted at Manchester by Mr. Halle, followed rapidly as a necessary consequence to these engagements;—and at the provincial musical festivals. There is no keeping back one so richly endowed, so thoroughly prepared, and withal so simply superior to everything like back stairs work, as Mr. Santley from first to last has shown himself. As illustrating this thorough preparation, two facts may be put on record. Having been engaged to sing in "*The Seasons*" at Manchester, and having carefully studied the work—the *Cantata* was, of necessity, at the tenth hour changed for the Oratorio "*St. Paul*"—and in this he was able to appear with perfect honor to himself. At a late Norwich Festival—owing to a caprice it is not worth while to enter into—he had literally to appear in the orchestra in Spohr's "*Last Judgment*" at an hour's notice; never having sung that most ungracious of parts, and almost, it may be said, reading it at sight. Here are lessons for the lazy, and for those who are always prating of "their style." When it became time for him to attempt the stage in England, this was done, by Meyerbeer's express desire, in the English version of "*Dinorah*." There could be no doubt as to the manner in which he executed that most harassing music, but our critics sagely decreed that because he was then awkward, spiritless, and ill at ease as an actor, on his first appearance, and in so trying a part, he would never act. They have since known better; and if critics could feel shame (*vide M. Gounod*), must now look back on the past with blushes. Now, small credit to them, they cannot chorus too loudly a success with which their discrimination had nothing to do.

The *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung* continues its satirical comments on the London season. "Now we have a concurrence of German, French and English singers (who, except the week or two they have been here have never worked together in their lives), singing German and French operas in the Italian tongue. Funnily sounds this in their mouths, but often more funny is the music they sing. An Italian tenor who has never got beyond Bellini's sentimentality, or Verdi's noisiness, is called on suddenly to sing *Tamino* or *Florestan*—music which is wholly opposed to his capacities, and for which he has a thorough aversion. But he must sing it: it is so in the bond. He tries to manufacture a couple of effects, and Italianizes his part in such a way as to send a German musician's heart into his mouth. Next him perhaps is a melancholy German basso bursting himself in the effort to ape an Italian buffo. A German sentimental songstress is entrusted with the role which demands the warmest glow of southern passion; to-morrow, the Italian woman near her has to sing the *Countess* in "*Le Nozze di Figaro*." Here is an example:—In Her Majesty's Theatre, out of ten successive operas, one is pure Italian, say "*Norma*"; while the rest, such as the "*Zauberflöte*" and "*Freischütz*" are sung by Italians *pur sang*. In Covent Garden this week are announced "*Faust*," "*Don Juan*," "*L'Africaine*," "*L'Etoile du Nord*," and "*Lucrezia Borgia*." Where is *ensemble* to come out of all this? Where the proper execution of a role? Very far is the operatic public from answering the question. The *beau monde* demands not good music, but celebrated names; it only wants for its money the consciousness of looking at the same time on artists from every sphere. The 'swell' and the 'snob' are proud of London alone paying for those artists whom Berlin, Paris, St. Petersburg and Vienna are only able to support in conjunction. And it is not to be denied that the names which one can read in a Covent Garden prospectus can be shown by no other programme in the world."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Give, oh, give. (Pietà, pietà.) from "The Prophet"

Meyerbeer.

An intensely plaintive song, being that sung by poor Fides, while begging, partly for herself, and partly to gain the means to purchase a mass for the repose of the soul of her son, whom she supposed to be dead, although he was, just then, on the point of being crowned in the neighboring palace. It is for a Mezzo-Soprano or Alto voice. If you wish to sing something to make the tears start, try this.

Almost there. Ballad with Chorus. J. C. J. 30

A simple and touching song, containing the words of a dying child. The chorus is a farewell, with mention of the father, mother and brother, who are waiting on "the illy decked shore" of the River of Life. Easy.

Earth beneath your feet. Ballad. Dolores. 30

Dolores must sometimes compose *de lo-ro-so*, and this is a sad song, but still a sweet one.

Sunrise. "Harmoniennes." Concone. 40

At the foot of Vesuvius. (An pied du Vesuve).

"Harmoniennes." Concone 40

For three female voices. Very melodious and useful pieces.

Sweet Nightingale. Boscowitch. 40

A very sweet song about the nightingale.

I love him, I dream of him. Song. Dolores. 30

Instrumental.

Forest Flower Waltz. Coote. 40

One of the author's characteristic productions; very easy, brilliant and pretty, and a valuable piece for teachers.

Romeo et Julie. (Moison d'or.) Alberti, Op. 28. 20

La Favorite. " " " " 20

Very pretty and easy, and give the taking parts of these opera melodies, just as well as longer and harder pieces.

Silver Wave Barcarolle. Geo. N. Allen. 30

Very pretty, and quite easy.

Mabel waltzes, for 4 hands. D. Godfrey. 1.00

These waltzes are already favorites, and this 4 hand arrangement adds something to the power and brilliancy, while it makes the music somewhat easier.

Amusement schottisch. E. W. Parker. 30

Very pretty, and easy, with triplets, short runs, and arpeggios.

Ye pretty birds. Transcription. W. Kuhe. 50

The famous song, which makes a very melodious piece, and is arranged with a great deal of taste. Moderately difficult.

Leland's opera waltz. L. Vese. 30

The familiar air of "Alleen aroon" will be recognized in this, which is, otherwise, quite pretty.

Juanita. "Sparkling diamonds." Arini. 30

Guard's waltz. "Rustic pictures." Baumbach. 30

Tyrolese march. (Swiss bell ringers). 35

Mc'Eicker's redowa waltz. 30

Books.

THE JUBILATE. By L. O. EMERSON, \$1.38

A book which will stand along side of "The Harp of Judah" in internal worth, and may, very likely, equal it in circulation, since the music is in the same pleasing style, while it is almost entirely fresh and new. The multitudes who have used the former book, will need no great persuasion to try the new one.

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